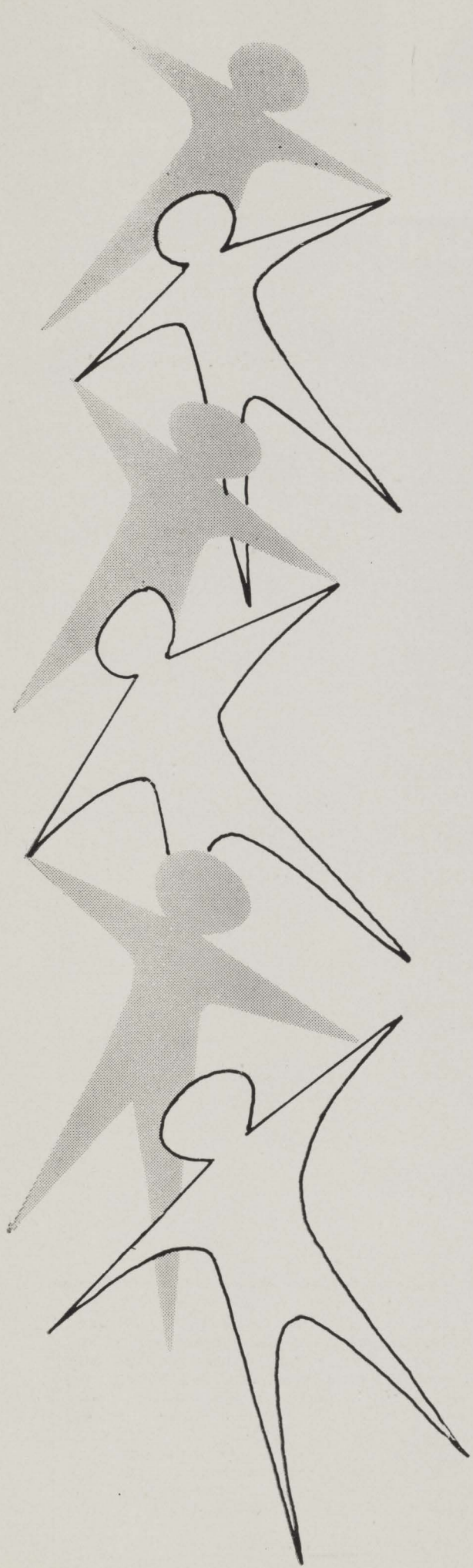


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THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT





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A non-profit corporation formed to publish a magazine dealing primarily with homosexuality from the scientific, historical and critical point of view . . . books, magazines, pamphlets . . . to sponsor educational programs, lectures and concerts for the aid and benefit of social variants, and to promote among the general public an interest, knowledge and understanding of the problems of variation . . . to sponsor research and promote the integration into society of such persons whose behavior and inclinations vary from current moral and social standards.

founded 1952

" . . . a mystic bond of brotherhood makes all men one."

Carlyle

one

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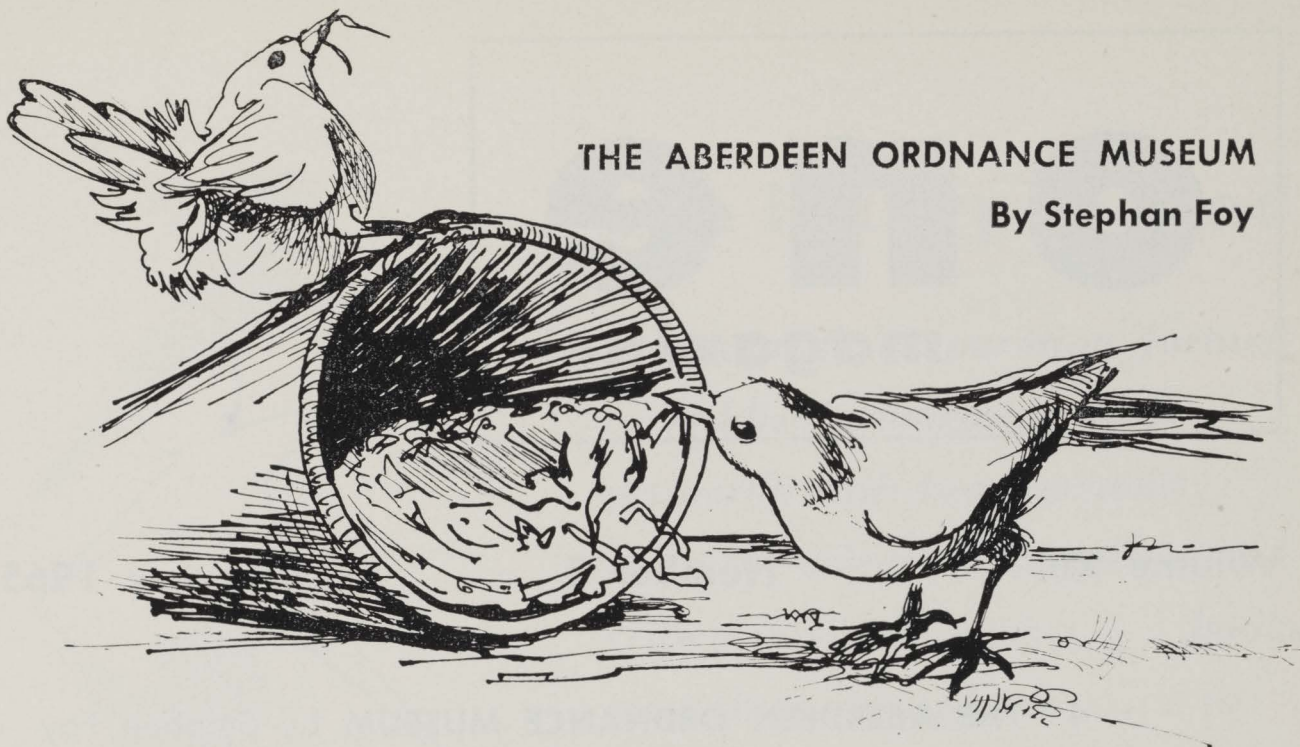
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THE ABERDEEN ORDNANCE MUSEUM

By Stephan Foy

In inflexible rows, like furrows plowed by a machine,
They line the field, and their tracks oppress the grass.
The raw steel of their tracks pollutes the earth with rust.
Long-necked guns and squat tanks of war all peeled with rust,
Refuse of the machine wars of this century,
They hulk against the Maryland April
And sit brooding in the morning like lions' bones,
Once terrible, now no more than dreams.

A sleek-breasted bird hops along the rusty armor of a tank
And with his fragile beak picks once
At the torn edge where
In our fathers' time an insane-voiced shell
Terminated its fine parabola in a point of white energy
That worked steel like butter
And punched through and set up the ragged edge
On the cenotaph
To what once filled the coffin blackness inside
With the grace of its presence.

The bird is gone, and the sunshine
Comes through the hole to slice the black. Inside
All smells damp and of rust;
A broken bottle catches light to disturb the floor;
Someone has decorated the rotting machine-gunner's seat
With a crushed paper cup.
No more.
Only the armor now; the flesh it once sheltered is gone.
A visible bullet lies imbedded
In the steel hide of the ponderous war machine.
Rub fingertips across this forever frozen instant.
How kinder these fingers could have been to that flesh
Than steel, than a snouted shell vomited from Atlantic war.

Two robins bevel the air a little with their twitting.
With magnificent audacity they are building their nest
within the tense circle of a cannon's muzzle.
See this tank here: an outrageous daisy announces himself through
A space in the track,
Grinning at having escaped the weight that on every side
Squeezes the earth dry.

The white or red star, or the angled sun or round, whatever magic sign
Decorated it is painted over with dull rust paint.
Its nationality so gone, it waits in toad-brained patience
With its anonymous fellows.
Another tank sits in its original white paint, now shredding into chips.
Stencils on its side mark it Italian;
It is decorated with an awkward-colored bird in a circle,
The standard now of a company of ghosts.
Penciled on its side, faint with seasons, can just be read,
"P. Scatoro Greensboro Mass."

Mechanical church bells roll across the morning,
Calling the faithful to the wooden house of the Lord of Hosts.
Contending for the same hour recorded bugles crack from far-off
plastic loudspeakers
To tell the guard that one more long night watch is ended;
That the time for challenging is past,
Until the night comes again.

Going across the moon-dry embankment of the railroad tracks Sunday
afternoon
I met Red coming in civies from the club.
All unknowing in his young innocence,
He fingered his ample cod as he showed me, unasked,
Still another letter (embellished with childishly drawn arrow-
pierced hearts)
He had received from the photograph of a heavy girl in Akron
Whom he tells me, all unasked, he strongly loves.
Yet his lovely face was discolored from a fight he had been in
To prove, no doubt, how manly he was,
And I thought I could see the black skull shining through
Just below his face.

Sitting on flatcars up the line were three great Jupiters,
Huge and unbelievably ugly,
Patience in the sunlight, dreaming of cities to eat.

Red had a transistor radio, and the wild music from it played on and on.

KA NAHONA HAU'

OLI *a different
kind of Hawaiian
Holiday*

by George Francis

This report was gleaned this summer during a month spent entirely on Oahu.

For our present purposes, people in Hawaii can be divided into three groups—the tourists and transients, who are there a very short time; the service personnel and their families, who are there a longer time, but are essentially temporary; and the kamaainas, the local, native Hawaiians of whatever racial background. (Yes, race *does* matter in some aspects of Hawaiian life, despite their insistence to the contrary—but that's not our concern here.)

The tourists have no nohona hau'oli. They are nearly all old, *quite* old, and in a perpetual daze and rush. Very seldom did I encounter any gay tourists, either singly or in couples. There *are* young people visiting the Islands, but they are usually attached to families, or are in groups, presumably chaperoned, and quite decidedly straight. Kalakaua Avenue is the mile-long main drag of Waikiki, strictly for tourists and servicemen on leave. I have heard it described as a sort of tropical Forty-Second Street. Nonsense. Anyone thinking of trying a little hustling within the sound of breaking surf had better forget it and stay in Pershing Square.

I cannot speak for the married servicemen with families resident in

Hawaii—they keep to themselves and I never met any. But there are hordes of attractive youngsters all over the place, particularly the beaches. However, it very soon became quite obvious to me that they are scared stiff of strange men. It seems to me that they are on the horns of a dilemma: lonely teenagers, just out of school, away from home in a strange environment, uncertain of themselves or their sexuality, thrown in with large numbers of others just like themselves, all frequently half-naked, it is only to be expected that they would begin to feel the glow of friendship towards one or more of their fellows. Yet, at the same time, they are constantly subjected to a barrage of propaganda about the evils of homosexuality, etcetera, etcetera.

Again and again I endeavored to make acquaintance with some good-looker. I was always ultra-careful and very subtle, always waiting till an opportunity presented itself. Never anything as corny as "Gotta light?". My favorite trick was to wear a wrist-watch. Few people do so on a beach, and since the clock at my "pad", Kuhio Beach, was always wrong, I received many requests for the time. The pattern of rejection became monotonous.

"Yes, it's two-thirty. That clock's always wrong."

"Thanks, mister."

(A cautious pause; then the standard opener in Hawaii): "Where ya from?"

"Iowa."

"I've been there—it's quite a place. What town?" (This is a safe approach for me, as I have visited every one of the fifty States.)

"Sioux City." (Then the quick look as he realizes that he is talking to that kapu, the strange man.) "Well . . . er . . . I gotta go now . . . see ya!" Flight for him; frustration for me. Auwe!

Ships from the Royal Canadian

and Royal New Zealand Navies were stationed at Pearl Harbor, and meeting their sailors was simple, easy, and pleasurable. But US? . . . never!

At a social evening I met a pleasant couple from California, on a visit to their son, a husky Marine named Ron, whom I later met, and during the course of the evening, gently pumped for information. He was very touchy on the subject, and finally I had to drop it, but not before learning that hitch-hiking is forbidden, that certain bars and areas are off-limits, and what the ever-vigilant Armed Services Police are on the watch for. Obviously an obsession with the military authorities.

A newspaper report tried to make out that the Waikiki-Honolulu-Pearl Harbor area is one vast seething underground homo-sex-pot. Really? Nowhere did I see anything to indicate this. The Chinatown-Iwilei section of downtown Honolulu I got to know well, along with Waikiki, Brothels and prostitutes, yes. Illegal, but tolerated and plentiful. But no gay sights. You might expect the lobby of the Armed Services YMCA to be the meat-rack that it is at certain times in San Diego. But no—it's as innocent as a Sunday School.

Among the local *nahona hau'oli* I met two useful contacts, and learned that it's there all right (of course), but quite hidden away. This is because most people are of oriental ancestry. They may have lost their traditional eastern way of looking at homosexuality, having adopted the American view of condemnation, but they still retain their concept of the importance of Family. Hawaii has a small population (600,000), and families are large and closely inter-related. Important it is to keep one's homosexuality tucked out of sight. The influence of the puritanical missionaries remains. The days of Polynesian tolerance are over in Hawaii.

Once in Tahiti, I was dancing the

tamure with a dusky wahine at Au Col Bleu, a night-spot in Papeete, when she suggested some fun (free) in the bushes outside. "No, mahalo," I declined blandly, "I don't sleep with wahines, only kanes." "Oh," she replied, not batting an eye; and promptly called over Michel, a doll if ever there was one, for me to take out into the bushes!

Recalling this on a previous visit to Honolulu, I tried this direct approach on a beachboy one evening. Beachboys are pretty broadminded, but this one simply sneered and left in a hurry. Auwe!

Just before my trip, I had come across a publication which purported to list all the gay bars in the world.(!) I copied down the Hawaii listings, and systematically set about what I like to call Basic Research, patronizing nine of the ten listed (the tenth had never existed). With the exception of two, none was gay, and from what I was told, never had been. "The Little Dipper" is 75% gay, full of elegantly-dressed young men, with piano entertainment, and bunny-type serving-girls, yet! But with beer at \$1.10 a throw, I didn't stay long. I later learned that there are no other gay bars in the Islands.

Now for the tale of Yappy's, surely a unique bar. I remarked on the press of traffic on Kapahulu Avenue outside this little bar, as I snaked my way through the crowd on the sidewalk. The burly Hawaiian bouncer refused me admission without ID. I returned with my passport. Once inside it was evident what all the fuss was about. The place seated exactly forty, divided evenly between drag-queens and tourists. I have never been one for drag myself, but take the view that if the girls want to dress up, well—let 'em. Not even at Finocchio's or the Jewel Box Revue have I seen such excellent *high* drag. The tourists were gawking and making ribald remarks, and the girls

were loving every minute of it, parading around and squeaking to each other.

One of them tried to make me, thinking me straight. I invited her over and bought her a drink, giving her the Message in no uncertain terms, so she unwound. She told me her name was Laurie, and I asked her about a fascinating feature of her dress, and that of her sisters, which had had me bug-eyed since I came in. They all wore, prominently like a corsage, hand-printed signs proclaiming "I am a boy!"

Laurie explained that a recent State law dealt with what the legal-eagles call "dressing to deceive," and that the signs are their way out of the difficulty. She added that Yappy's had been the subject of a recent front-page story in the Honolulu "Advertiser," which explained the traffic-jam outside, the crowds, and the cops on duty.

When Laurie had to excuse herself, she seemed faintly undecided about which door to go through—the one marked "wahine", or the one marked "kane". She chose the latter, and when she returned I commented on her difficulty, and she agreed that it *was* a problem.

"Well, what do you *do*?" I asked rather rudely.

"I squat, dearie," she replied grandly, "like any good girl. What else?"

Laurie's information sent me scurrying to the Library of Hawaii next day. It seems that the "Advertiser" ran a series of articles on the 12th, 13th and 14th of February, 1963, frontpaging the growing "menace" of homosexuals and transvestites in our midst. The articles were quite useless, containing nothing factual, only the usual sensation-newspaper twaddle.

Mayor Blaisdell panicked, and brought the matter, usually so hush-hush, up before a startled City Council. The "Mayor's Committee for the

Protection of our Children" was brought out of mothballs, and placed under the chairmanship of a retired former Chief of the Armed Services Police, who gave freely of his "wisdom". If we are to believe the quotes attributed to him, and if his vehement outbursts against this "canker in our midst" are any guide, this worthy is undoubtedly a repressed mahu himself.

Hawaii has more or less standard sex laws. Soliciting, procuring, prostitution, adultery, and fornication are offenses (but the latter is *not* if the fornication results in the woman's pregnancy! Work *that* one out!)

On the 3rd of June, 1964, an amendment to Section 314-2 of the Criminal Code of the State of Hawaii became law. This Section deals with "Disorderly Conduct", the penalty for which is a fine of not more than \$1,000, or one year in jail. Paragraph (g) of this Section makes hustling illegal, referring to "the crime against nature or other lewdness." The new bit is Paragraph (k). A person is guilty of disorderly conduct "who wears clothing of the opposite sex in any public place with intent to deceive other persons by failing to identify his or her own sex."

Section 309-34 sets a penalty of not more than \$1,000 and not more than twenty years hard labor for "sodomy, that is, the crime against nature." Section 267 lists several offensive acts as "Common Nuisance." One bit refers to "obscene" publications, which could possibly be construed to include ONE; but judging from the literature I saw on display pretty well everywhere, it would be hard to make this stick. Another bit is a cover-all clause, providing a penalty of not more than \$500 or six months for what it calls "open lewdness or lascivious behavior."

So, if you visit Aloha-land—watch it, fellows!

COLD CHERRY *by p. e. britton*

Tensed, he sat ram erect on the back seat of the car. Through the floorboards, he could feel vibration, variance, fluctuation of motion telegraphed from wheels. On either side, his hands clutched the seat edge. His palms were sweaty, his feet were clammy.

He was a young man, not quite twenty.

Riding in the front seat, two men, years older than he; the driver, in his mid-fifties, the passenger, well into his forties.

The driver was fixed to his job, eyes to the ribbon concrete, all his attention to the immediate problem of traffic.

The passenger seemed completely relaxed, his body easy to the back of the seat, his left arm raised, extended over the shoulders of the driver.

The young man felt stiffened, his whole body, as though made of pipes and rigid rods, the skin stretched unmercifully and uncompromisingly as though upon an armature. The flesh of his face felt as though starched from the underside, from within. His feet and legs seemed solidified, to have turned into some immovable substance.

The car made a smooth curve of freeway. He felt the centrifugal pull of it along his torso, shifting strain unequally from one bicep to the other. He had to hold himself up, lest he fall over like a manikin.

Of silence, there can be silence of sharing, understanding; or a breaking away—of significance, or no significance, of meaning, or no meaning—silences of beginning, or finality, fatal silences.

Between them, these three men, a silence, of a few minutes, and several miles of distance. For the young man, a long drawn century of taut nerves. Frightened, frightening wary silence worsening, suitable more to screaming. A silence of unendurable endurance. If only something would intervene. Now! This instant! Break it up! Get him off the hook

The passenger in the front seat projected the weave of his thoughts, made of the image of the young man, sharp, uppermost in his mind. I thought he wanted me. I thought he understood—how I wanted him, he wanted me—all he was waiting for was the word . . . I could have sworn he was attracted to me, thought he wanted me, I really did. So, it wasn't so, he doesn't . . . so, too bad . . . for me

In the transient dark the young man studied the back of the head before him, modeled, sculptured, set upon a beautiful male neck. What a fool he must seem now in the eyes of this man. That he did not speak, the young man thought of the hurt, worse, insult, this must seem to the man. Each second prolonging silence, flashing past, making it worse, impossible, to speak, to reply, to redeem himself with the man. And here he sat, frozen solid.

The words the man had spoken glittered; the moment in which they had been spoken glittered, solid, frozen solid. "Do you want to come home with me?" the man had said.

It wasn't as though the proposition had been unexpected. There wasn't anything he had expected more, lived in anticipation of, wanted more, than this. And nothing he would have been angrier of, if it had not been made. Then what made it so impossible . . . difficult . . . ?

The man punched at the silence with his own thoughts continuing, what gives with him? He acts as though I've shocked him. Why?

He played along with me for all he was worth . . . and he'll have a hell of a time denying that to me, or to himself! Or for all *it* was worth . . . yeah! for all *it* was worth! Now it's put up or shut up! And he can't . . . put up . . . is that it?

But not on grounds of innocence, surely, baby! By his own admission he was no stranger to the scene . . . by his own admission . . . yeah, that could be it. Maybe that could just be it. So maybe you've lied to ol' daddy? Is that it, baby? Are you green, after all is done and said?

The man's thoughts raced on ahead, in and out of the situation, twisting like a snake, caught, transfixed by a spike. Eyes straight before him, out the windshield, seeing only the night, traffic laced and arc lamp streaked by the freeway complex.

To the young man, the two men before him appeared so relaxed, to have not a care in the world, and more, not a thought for him, not really. This annoyed; now infuriated him.

Oh, how would they know? They couldn't care a damn! It was all so easy for them!

How silly! How fearful. How terribly and how horribly complex! How awful, fearful now . . . that it all lay before him . . . open, clear . . . naked . . . and he could reply . . . nothing . . . only filled with . . . panic . . . how utterly absurd! Panic! Fantastic!

What am I doing? What have I done? What am I doing to him? The man thought and the snake writhed upon the spike. I've shocked him. I've shocked this kid without any regard or thought for him. What in hell am I

doing? At the thought of himself, of old men who chased after the young, who had to have innocence, or seeming innocence, or whatever, to sauce up their failing senses, to get the lead out of their flabby sexual responses, the *force* of their wills . . . *his* will now . . . made him twist embarrassed, angrily.

God! Sick! It's come to this!

Panic . . . panic . . . panic, yes, panic . . . Why? Yes, why? Panic! The young man felt so foolish, stupid, never so foolish before in his whole life.

God, wasn't it? So simple . . . you made yourself available . . . you got picked up, you found the man . . . available . . . you made yourself available, didn't you . . . to him . . . that's all there was to it, wasn't it? to him . . . so simple . . . God, wasn't it?

Wasn't that all there was to it?

Then, why this?

The evening, all it had contained, the three of them, warm comradery was draining away like a broken artery emptying him. Like something bleeding to death deep inside him, something close, kinship, normal . . . he was near to crying . . . nothing would ever be the same again with him. He knew it, nothing would ever be the same again. No matter how it turned out now. No matter how he decided. It was too late. Something *safe* was ruined, broken, gone forever . . . something good . . . clean . . . normal

Jesus Christ! How he hated that Goddamned word! Normal! "normal!"

Goddamn the treacheries of the human mind!

He wanted to reach out to caress the head of the man, to love him, to be made love to by him . . .

But I can't . . . I can't . . . whispered a far echo deep inside him. Why? But why not?

Was there anything in life more desired than this? Sexual fulfillment at last . . . the young man pushed, trying to ask, to answer himself. How many dreams, fantasies, erotic fairy tales he had lived in private of this event; his entire adventurous masturbatory flights focused bright and he blushed in the dark.

Crawling over the surface of disgust, the man picked at his own mind with reluctant fingers of self-searching. What's the motivation? What got into me? What's the drive? I've never needed such a thing before.

God! I'm just another impotent old queer! Another old aunty!

He felt like vomiting.

I love this kid? I'm in love with him? How absurd! The thought sickened him. What am I doing to him? What in the Name of God am I doing to him? What have I done?

"Do you want to come home with me?" the man had said. Of course, he did; then why couldn't he?

If he could just be honest about it . . . and why couldn't he? That he had lied; that in bed, the man would find out . . . experience . . . what experience? Experimentation, playmate diddling—a highschool boy—experimenting . . . and he recoiled, the words implied . . . he had lied. He had lied, why in hell had he lied?

The snake coiled around the man, embrace of his own sexuality, and self-loathing of everything else about himself. What do I really want him for? Okay. The truth

I lust for him. That's what I really want him for. To prove what a great

guy I am. That I can make *him* burn, set him on fire! Yessirree! Set him on fire . . . old aunty that I am, may be . . . I can still do this to anyone I please . . . even a kid . . . just because he *is* young, just because he *is* attractive . . . just because he's got his pick of anything he wants . . . and I don't! Yeah, sure. That's the answer. The real sweat of it, isn't it? Love? Sick . . . love . . . love hell! Lust! A sick old man's lust!

And that's about it.

Assuredness, whatever was left of it, wobbled, cracked. The boy began to burn, dark murk swirled up, the young man was suffocating. He wanted to cry out, "Let me out!"

Then the young man's thoughts coyed around his mind . . . but had he been really attracted, *sexually* attracted to this man? . . . or flattered . . . But it wouldn't take, he couldn't make it stick . . . He was a kid—just a kid after all . . . as always he had been—as ever he was . . . and a liar . . . How long was it going to take him to grow up? How long? Of what was he really afraid? Of what did he really panic? . . . the concept forming, formed, unbidden . . . of what was he terrified? Homosexuality that he knew he had already accepted? Of sex? What about sex? He tried to back up, but too late . . . he skidded, could not stop, over the top, and down . . . sickeningly down roller-coaster thoughtslide . . . Dad! Dad! Oh! My God! The male prick! The real male prick! Adult Erection! Dad! My God! Father!

Trying to make this kid! This *baby* . . . what gives with me? What a hell of a filthy thing . . . what a hell of a filthy trick to play, to *try* to play on him . . . What am I trying to prove? That I'm young? . . . that I'm not an old man yet?

For Christ's Sake! Wake up!

Instead of chasing after him, I should be looking for a doctor, or a head-shrinker! And another twisting, writhe against the spike.

Oh, God, can't I be in love with him? Can't I have it—*feel* it just once again? Can't I be in love just once again? Can't there be an exception? Can't this be it?

His mind telling him no, there wasn't. This wasn't. Cruelly insistent that he was merely trying to clean up a nasty situation with a romantic label . . . that he was only trying to lie himself out of it . . . that he knew right from wrong. Pointing out in the bargain, ruthless logic! that he had been well enough satisfied, contented, in the past, without this . . .

He turned his head to look at the man beside him. Enough . . . satisfied enough . . . until now . . .

Then why in hell am I trying to spoil it all now? Why can't somebody give me a good swift kick in the ass long about now!

But the deeper part of himself, of urges, of all desires, where the seeing is blind, as insistently replied, I want him! I want him! *I want him.*

How long is it going to take me to grow up? How long? . . . to accept whatever I am . . . whatever there is to be accepted . . . the young mind of the young man expletived, my God! am I all fake! Will I *never* really *be*?

No, this is no exception! You Goddamned fool! A kid twenty-five years younger than yourself? Exception! Who's kidding who? Surely, not yourself! You're old enough to be his father! the mind heartlessly derided; the heart desperately cried, old enough to be his father!

He projected, once more, the young man so clearly that he seemed to be there, really, before him, just beyond the windshield, just as though he could

be reached out to—touched with hands, his hands—the man went over him intently, the young, seeking face and eyes, the soft wonder—tender—the intensity of him, the body he had yet to see unclothed, the boyishness of him—the heartbreaking boyishness of him!

Young enough to be my son! Oh! How I wish it might be! You! My son! My own son! A son of my own! To love! As I damn well please!

Shocked him. If he had spoken aloud, the sound of his voice could not have been clearer, rang more real in his ears, than it did now in his mind. This facet of thinking always shocked, surprised, amazed him . . . and left him wondering that others surely must have heard, overheard, a breach of his mental privacy.

My God! What am I thinking of? Goddamn a world that only confuses the mind and never lets us know what our decisions are really of, or about!

Let me go! the young man was crying inside, let me breathe! "For God's sake! Stop the car!" he wanted to shout, "Let me out!" but he did not.

The voice of the man cut in, sharp, clean, the silence—ended it, "If you're coming home with me, we've got to take the next turn off. If not . . . so, what's it to be?"

A young man took himself into his own two hands and stated, "Please take me home."

"Home it is," said the man.

"I mean my home . . . I really can't stay with you tonight . . . I'm sorry."

"I understood the first time." The voice of the man flattened whatever there was, might have been. A hammer pounding nails. So definite, finality, authority, leaving no room, saving, "Goodbye." "Take the kid home," he told the driver.

It was over. However cold it might be, the cold air of reality, the young man gulped it somewhat, and for the moment, gratefully. How long could he hold it? The tension breaking inside him, he collapsed against the back seat of the car now. For whatever harm he had done, he was truly sorry. He had not intended it. He had not wanted to hurt . . . anybody . . . remarkably calm now, philosophic, detached . . . now.

Another time . . . another time . . . echoed his mind, faintly, pleaded . . . not yet . . . another time . . . another time.

The rest of it clicked off swiftly. For the man, bitter defeat that, somehow, he had failed—himself, and the boy—of a man who cannot retreat . . . and cannot give up . . . his own youth . . .

Ending whatever had been—at the curb, he got out with the young man. They stood an instant, facing each other. The man gave the young man no time to say, "Thank you," or to extend his hand. As cold as a nonpersonal slap, the man said, "So long. See you around sometime." Turned, and as swiftly, got back into the car, and it was gone.

The young man stood in the late, late hour, alone on the street. Suddenly hot sexual desire out of cold, weak, shaken, suddenly very, very angry, frustration.

Instantly, desire to cry out to the vanishing automobile, to call it back to him. But he didn't. He couldn't. It was gone. It had disappeared.

In his mind, yelling, "You son of a bitch! You stupid son of a bitch! Couldn't you *understand* anything?"

And the tears began spilling.

tangents

news & views

Incidentally, Gore Vidal, on the Johnny Carson TV show of December 1, discussing his novel **Julian**, got off on the proposed sex code changes in New York and spoke very favorably of it with support from cartoonist Al Capp.

In Britain they are still discussing whether or not the body of Roger Casement should be returned to Ireland. Casement was hanged for high treason by the British in 1916 but is regarded as a hero by the Irish. His **Black Diaries** recounts many homosexual acts.

In Canada there is discussion as to why the Royal Canadian Mounted Police have such a high rate of suicide. One explanation offered is that they are not allowed to marry for the first 5 years. We know men who wanted to commit suicide because they **were** allowed to get married.

MORE NEWSPAPER RESEARCH (?) ON THE SUBJECT

The **Jacksonville Journal**, (Florida) has a series on homosexuality written by George Harmon, Journal assistant city editor, who rode in a police car and swallowed what a 14 year old juvenile delinquent told him about homosexuals. Great reporting! Good research! But we must say that he got all the cliches in and it is always nice to have all of the unscientific, misinformation in one lump sum.

The **Daily Signal**, (Downey, California) reports that some citizens are beginning to fight back at the

Citizens for Decent Literature, in that area. The **Tribune Advertiser**, another So. Calif. newspaper reports that Capt. W. L. Richey at, of all places, the Hollywood YMCA, said among other things that there has been no lessening of homosexual activity in Hollywood (Definitely not).

L.A. City Atty. Roger Arnebergh told the City Council's Police, Fire and Civil Defense Committee why he has not, as they apparently wished, established an anti-pornography division comparable to the one in the DA's office. One wonders just what part of the committee's business such problems fall under, civil defense?

THE CHURCHES AGAIN

Dr. M. Zeldenrust, chairman of the Dutch Association for Sexual Reform has called for discussions with the Catholic church on sex. She has said that there were two main points: love, and not the reproduction of the species, should be the main object of a marriage; that the evidence of scientists should be considered.

How radical! But maybe not when we read that a leading Jesuit teacher, in a magazine authorized for distribution in the six Jesuit theological seminaries of this country, has called for acceptance of the oral birth control pill. The Rev. Felix F. Cardegna, professor of Moral Theology at the Jesuit Seminary of Woodstock, N.Y. is speaking in the December issue of "Theological Studies," which

bears the **imprimatur**, "cum permissu superiorum."

The Board of Social Ministry of the Lutheran Church in America will take the initiative in providing a series of working papers on sex in contemporary American society, papers which might lead to the adoption of positions taken by the church officially.

In San Francisco, as reported in **ONE Confidential** (October, 1964) many churches, under the leadership of the (Methodist) Glide Foundation, have been getting together to study homosexuals and the church. The group of ministers reportedly has visited the Alcoholic Beverage Control board and informed them that the board is violating homosexuals' civil rights by persecuting them and the bars they frequent. At a drag halloween ball "protected" by the ministers, held at the San Francisco Hilton, the police were harassed by the ministers for being at the ball in such large numbers, there was also a drag ball at the Sheraton Hotel.

Hazel Pulling, Librarian at California Western University (Methodist) in San Diego, has refused any books on homosexuality and the editor of **Motive** has admitted that his publication and the church as a whole, probably is not ready for an article on the subject.

A Methodist member of **ONE**, offered to pay for subscriptions to be sent to Methodist related colleges, but all of them contacted have refused to allow a homosexual publication to be put out for the students to see.

PRIVATE VS. PUBLICLY SUPPORTED COLLEGES

It is interesting to consider the question of whether private colleges allow more freedom to

teachers and students in seeking education and learning than do public supported ones. The contention has been that private colleges would not be subjected to pressures from politicians who, fearing their constituents of different persuasions, would try to prevent discussion of controversial subjects. Some states actually have passed laws to prevent evolution from being taught in public schools.

But the fact is that most private colleges do not and have not allowed honest research on controversial matters. Southern colleges privately owned were not integrated until the public state supported schools were, and while some state supported schools have had seminars on homosexuality, very few private ones have.

ONE HAND GIVES YOU 20 YEARS, THE OTHER GIVES PENICILLIN:

In the Milwaukee area, US Public Health Service is "concentrating on male homosexuals" who, according to an article in the 12/13/64 **Milwaukee Journal**, "are believed to be the source of about half of new infectious syphilis cases in large cities." The article does mention the fact that "homosexual behavior is illegal in all but a few states . . . a defendant in North Carolina has been sentenced to prison for 20 to 30 years . . ."

To expect homosexuals to flock into any gov't. office and give homosexual contacts is naive. They want their homosexual cake and homosexual branding and penicillin, too.

They say their "investigators" are "inquiring into infectious syphilis, not homosexuality." From the viewpoint of a hetero gov't MD, this little nicety of gov't's right hand pretending not to know what

govt's left hand is doing might be possible. Not with us. They say syphilis is a very serious disease, and they are correct, because it is. But what they don't see is that to a homosexual, it is a very, VERY minor thing—compared to publicly admitting being homosexual and, most important, of possibly losing one's job—and we have had reports of their officials hounding homosexuals whose names have been given as contacts clear to their employer's place of business.

The US Public Health Service has a problem dealing with homosexuals. The solving of that problem can only be done on homosexual terms, not heterosexual.

We are not so naive to suggest that the US Public Health Service publicly announce they favor—and are working for—the abolition of the law against homosexual acts. But, as a practical matter, we do suggest they send homosexuals to a picked M.D. in each area who, except for the appointment, has absolutely nothing to do with, and who makes absolutely no reports to, the govt, somewhat like an Independent Medical Examiner in Workmen's Compensation Cases. The homosexual grapevine, we predict, would in time produce gratifying grapes in the form of sensational statistics for the US Public Health Service.

FRISCO FRUITS OF FRATERNIZATION:

After "extended negotiations with police," 600 homosexuals confidently ("many males in eye-dazzling gowns"—how confident can you get?) attended a drag ball 1/1/65 in San Francisco, co-sponsored by "The Council for Religion and the Homosexual." Result: 20 to 40 cops swooped in and "terrified" the guests—and arrested six,

whose names and addresses appeared in the papers the following day. Also in attendance were 12 Protestant ministers of the co-sponsoring group—to whom the cops said, looking at their wedding rings: "We see you're married—how do your wives accept this?"

The next day the ministers called a press conference and publicly accused police of "broken promises, intimidation, and obvious hostility" and of special "bad faith" in planting a police photographer at the door who took pictures of arrivals. Spokesman Rev. Ted McIlvenna said the cops announced that they thought the ministers "were being used by various homosexual organizations in this city."

OF MANY THINGS, OF CABBAGES & QUEENS:

A 100% Chinese Scottish Bagpipe Band in Hong Kong draws the line at wearing kilts. Says the leader: "We play the music, we imitate the Scottish style of marching, but we simply cannot wear the kilt. We Chinese are far too shy" . . . That article in the Jan/65 American Legion Magazine about sex nuts making lewd phone calls is only about heterosexuals, but of course the word "heterosexual" is never used . . . In Boonville, Ind., 3 former paratroopers, ages 21, 26 & 28, were charged with murdering a 56 year old mortician, but their attorney argued to the all-male jury that the victim was "a drunken sex pervert who could have been killed by some of his other boyfriends"—and the verdict was not guilty . . . The City Council is out to drive "sexual deviates" from North Hollywood Park and asked for a better lighting system, probably taking their cue from the renovation done on L.A.'s famed

Pershing Square . . . Some of the reviews of the French movie *Les Abysses* mentions lesbianism and some don't . . . In the Nov-Dec/64 *FACT* there is a silly article not even worth reading for laughs by a female concert manager screaming hysterically against the number of male homosexuals in the U.S. musical field. She says 10 of the 12 leading U.S. composers of serious music are homosexual—but doesn't add that U.S. music has never before been rated so high by the world. And what would it be rated WITHOUT the 10? And who in the hell are the 2 odd ones? . . . Police and DA offices all over California are still fighting the rulings of the State Supreme Court in the Dorado and Escobedo cases last August which in effect held that police must inform a suspect of his right to REMAIN SILENT and to have his ATTORNEY PRESENT during ANY questioning. Remember: Keep your big mouth shut except to phone your attorney and keep his number in your wallet. Better yet: Keep your fly shut in public; sex is a PRIVATE affair . . . In a freewheeling interview given the **Chicago Daily News** multimillionaire Aaron Scheinfeld sounded off on almost everything, including tabbing as plain silly the U.S. hysterical reaction to homosexuality . . . Nebraska legislators are frank in saying they won't follow other states in reviewing and modernizing sex laws—because of fear of not being re-elected. The head of their Bar Association said he'd not call for any review unless there was a real clamor from a legitimate social agency and not just some "crackpot reform group" . . . *TIME* for 12/25/64 ran two startling pictures of admittedly homosexual Max Doyle—one as a handsome man, one as an extremely at-

tractive woman. He got a whopping 20-year sentence in N.C. for a homosexual act after a trial during which he brazenly appeared in women's clothes. During the appeal trial, he wore subdued men's clothes—and got acquitted . . . Nationally syndicated columnist Sydney Harris in discussing the Jenkins case said the only sensible solution for society was to do away with "security risk" attached to homosexuals by accepting their deviation openly . . . Mrs. R. V. Anderson, Legislative Chairman of the Wisconsin Federation of Women's Clubs, spent two days reading confession, detective, and adventure magazines, trying to find smut, and when she answered some of the ads, she got results—finding she was on the list of a homosexual pen pal club. A call to the Post Office Department resulted in the quick arrest of one man and continuing investigation . . . In an English court, a lawyer made an impassioned defense for male long hair in defending a Beatle-like client, saying "The Duke of Marlborough had much longer hair than my client and he won some famous battles. He powdered his hair, too, because of fleas. But my client has no fleas." . . . In the Rentals To Share ads in the **L.A. Times** for 12/6/64, three of the ads asking for male roommates specified with the word STRAIGHT. All others did not . . .

EASY READING

Stations by Burt Blechman (Random House) concerns itself among other things, with what goes on in subway station tea-rooms. **Nova Express** by William Burroughs (Grove), is another **Naked Lunch**. **Last Exit to Brooklyn** is a remarkably good collection.

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW

by Albert B. Gerber

Aside from courts, the leading source of legal opinion in the United States comes from an organization known as The American Law Institute. The Institute was established in the 30's by a group of judges, law professors and others who felt that our law was becoming too cumbersome and should be codified. As a result the group published a series of books entitled "Restatements." There is, for example, a *Restatement of Contracts*, a *Restatement of Torts* and many others. In the criminal law field we could not really have a restatement because the bulk of criminal law is not based upon precedent and theory, but is based upon specific laws enacted by state legislatures. Therefore, in this field the American Law Institute decided to promulgate a most unusual document—a Model Penal Code.

This was especially unusual because the suggestion with respect to statutes had up to this point come from another organization known as the State Commissioners on State Laws. These are representatives of each of the states who get together and make suggested uniform laws. For example, there is a Uniform Sales Act, a Uniform Negotiable Instruments Law, etc.

However, and despite the fact that the field of criminal law was one which, by custom, was really the province of another group, that august body, the American Law Institute de-

cided that the subject was too important not to be codified in some fashion by the leading minds in the country.

Homosexuality as a Crime

This legal body, full of knowledge and talent, began in the 50's to study the subject of how to promulgate laws to govern crime. One thorny task with which it wrestled was the homosexual act as a crime. However, as it emerged the Institute had little difficulty because the bulk of the members of the Institute came to an interesting agreement on philosophy and criminal law. This philosophy was as follows: no private acts between two or more consenting adults shall be regarded as a crime unless it involves severe bodily harm. Thus, ordinary fornication between adult men and women, frequently criminal under our customary statutes, was not to be made a crime. In the same way, and as a natural concomitant of the basic philosophy, sexual acts privately performed by two males or two females would not constitute crimes any longer.

The Theory Well Accepted

Although basically the theory was somewhat revolutionary, when promulgated it hardly made a ripple in legal circles. The first tentative and preliminary report of the American Law Institute on this subject was greeted without any real criticism. One of the best protagonists of this theory is Professor Louis Henkin, Professor of International Law and Diplomacy at Columbia University. This brilliant writer's theory is that sin and morals are not the business of government. In a sparkling and lively article entitled "Morals and the Constitution" this writer says, "It is time to begin to examine—if only in order to justify—the right of constitutional government to legislate morality which has no secular, utilitarian, or social purpose." This, of course, is the negative side and the professor also points

to the positive side, i.e., that all of our morals legislation (which would include laws against homosexual acts) is rooted in religion, and, living in a society in which there is and supposed to be a separation between church and state, what right do we have to legislate to support what is basically a religious theme?

The Wolfenden Report

If we leave the United States and go to that other great area of Anglo-saxon jurisprudence, England, we find there too an authoritative and significant document recommending the abolition of punishment for "homosexual behavior between consenting adults in private." (Recommendation Number 1 of The Wolfenden Report.) If we go to some of the European countries such as Belgium, Italy, Sweden and Spain we find no criminal law governing homosexual acts performed in private by consenting adults.

A Recent Outrage

With this as a background we might expect that although most states in the United States still have laws which technically punish homosexual acts that the courts, the prosecutors and others in the field would treat it as it should be treated, namely as a bygone relic of medieval thinking requiring mild penal treatment only

when complained about as a sop to the existence of a law not yet repealed. But a recent case in North Carolina belies this theory. Two men were tried in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina for having committed a homosexual act, namely *fellatio*. Upon conviction one defendant who pleaded *nolo contendere* was sentenced to five years imprisonment and the other who pleaded not guilty and was tried by a jury was sentenced to 20 to 30 years in jail!

The defendant with the long sentence filed a petition for *habeas corpus* before Judge Craven in the Federal Court in Asheville, North Carolina. The reports indicate that Judge Craven actually "recoiled in shock." Obviously, he had to find some way of releasing the defendant and he did so by using the ground that this defendant had been deprived of proper counsel. In October, 1964, Judge Craven ordered the defendant released.

In his opinion Judge Craven suggested that it was time for North Carolina to revise its laws on this subject and he pointed out at the same time that The American Law Institute recommended no punishment in these cases.

The North Carolina case is not over yet since the state has the right to retry the defendant, after providing him with adequate counsel. It will be an important case to watch.

Albert Gerber, Philadelphia attorney, is the author of a book on censorship to be published later this year by Lyle Stuart Press.

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The Green Raincoat...

by Blanche Small

"Gee, Butch—ain't yu afraid the kid'll get the pitch an' spoil the fun and yu'll be out two bits besides?" asked red-haired Harry all in one excited breath, as he brushed his feet, in their old sneakers, against the dirty stoop of the tenement where he and his friends lived.

"Naw-w-w!" answered Butch, drawing the sound out into a sideways grin. He hiked up his shabby, handed-down slacks, and his dark face showed the crafty anger that thoughts about sex always gave rise to.

It was Saturday, and the piece of mischief he had thought up had better pay off. He had a date lined up for tonight. So he answered coolly, "He don't know nuttin." He's just a joik from Joisey."

Harry shrugged, and with bent head went on scratching the dry old cement from the cracks between the stones with his fingernails.

Chink, the quiet one concerned with growing up in a hurry, was rubbing his narrow chest with his knuckles, as though a great mat of scratchy hair already grew there, under his faded sweater.

"Jeez, Butch, tell me what it's all about, will ya?" he begged. "There's this lame guy—right—and he says he'll give you a buck to come up to his room and play checkers. So ya do. Then, when ya get there he—he—what's the guy do, Butch, anyhow?"

Butch wasn't telling all he knew, but the temptation to strut his knowledge in front of these kids was a little too strong to resist.

"Listen, you dope. If you ever had a big bastard of a brother like I got, you'd know all about it. Mine never leaves me be. Some nights I get so damn mad I feel like snitching to the old man or the old lady. But I know he'd bust my brains out if I did.

"Now, take this lame guy—he ain't bad at all. Sometimes he's kind of a lot of fun." The smile Butch spread over the bitter anger on his face looked real enough to Chink.

"Anyway, it's a hell of an easy way to turn a quick buck, and if he feels like callin' it checkers what's it to me? Besides, he gives me a quarter every time I get some other kid to go up to his place. Only—Kee-ris—remember, you kids, this is a deal they send you up for."

Butch puffed himself up importantly and went through the pantomime of checking the block for cops.

Still Chink felt frightened and uneasy. He didn't like the business, even though Butch had slickly avoided giving him any detailed picture, realizing that he might some day want to coerce Chink himself. If the kid was *too* scared, he'd never agree to go up there or earn a quarter for Butch!

Just the same, Chink said "Gee!" and his slanting eyes opened wide with admiration for Butch's business ability as well as his easy way with curse words.

Then someone hissed, "Cheese it, kids. Here he comes. Now lessee you do your stuff, Butch."

Tomsy was a new kid on the block—the kind Butch loved to call an "innocent hick" because he and his widowed mother had only recently moved to the city. Crossing the street slowly in the Saturday morning sun, Tomsy chewed importantly on a toothpick, the way his mother's boyfriend always did—a guy who knew his way around.

"Hi, kids" he muttered over the toothpick, his hands deep in his corduroy pockets. His carved-up old felt cap was alight with gay buttons, and a tuft of stiff brown hair stuck up through its open crown.

"Hiya, Tomsy me boy?" quickly rejoined Butch.

Chink took a marble out of his pocket and started to shoot it slowly across the wide step. Harry attacked the dirt and cement beneath his fingernails with his teeth, and his blue eyes looked as round as Chink's marble. Tomsy, gazing idly at them both, sank down on the steps, and said nothing more.

"Hey—what's eatin' yu, kid?" pursued Butch. "Maybe you're innarested in picking up a quick buck—oinin' it, I mean?"

"Well—yeah! Yeah, I am. Gee, Butch howja know I need dough? Mom's birthday's next week and I ain't got a cent saved." Tomsy turned ragged pockets out for emphasis.

"How do I make it? What do I do? Is it on the level?"

"Level as your flat head. Yuh see, there's this here guy, and . . ."

"Bye Butch. Gotta get home now." Chink pocketed his marble and started down the street on the run. He just couldn't face the working out of the hoax he had been so curious about.

"An' I suppose *you're* in a hell of a big rush, too," snapped Butch as Harry tried to disappear unnoticed. Harry got the threat in his words, and sat down again.

Butch figured, what's the fun if nobody don't see me needling him? Butch craved an audience, to admire his playing of the scene he had built up, with himself the star.

"What guy you talking about?" asked Tomsy a little warily. "What's he pay you a buck for, anyway?"

"Hold your water, kid. That's just what I'm comin' to. All the guy wants of you is to play him a coupla games of checkers. Won't take over an hour, and he'll give you a buck—real dough—all for yourself. It's a cinch. Want to try it?"

"Did *you* do it Butch? Is that how you got so much money lately—takin' girls out, an' all that stuff?"

"Sure, kid. I know all the answers—see? That's why I got all the dough. Now here's the pitch. You be under the parkway bridge at five, and wait there for this here big guy I'm tellin' you about. He's lame in one foot, an' he'll be wearin' a green raincoat. An' I'll see ya tonight."

Tomsy still had puzzlement on his face as Butch swung quickly down the street—trying to hide his broad grin.

A gray mist—almost rain—was drifting through the air by the river. Tomsy squatted in the short stone tunnel, solemnly talking to a bedraggled cat he had found in the park.

"Lame guy—green raincoat"—he chanted as he swung the cat from side to side on its hind legs, holding the soft forepaws in careful hands. The cat was relaxed and its claws were hidden.

"He could scratch me, but he wouldn't—would you?" Tomsy asked the cat confidently.

Guess I got it all okay, all right. But what's so funny about playing checkers with a guy, anyway? What was that dumb Butch laughing at, hey? Probably thinks it's just a baby game, for country kids. Lucky I practically spent *years* playing checkers with Mom, when my leg was in the cast that time. I can beat this guy no matter how good the guy thinks he is. See? Must be one of them New York nuts.

Overhead the echoes—tires and feet, tires and feet—over and over again, bouncing against the vaulted walls of the grimy tunnel.

Tomsy was waiting for the uneven gait of a lame man—like in a movie, he thought. This might even turn out to be fun. Anyway, make a buck—what can you loose?

Suddenly two pointed, highly polished brown shoes halted beside him. The folds of a raincoat, green in the uncertain light, brushed his shoulder.

Tomsy dropped the cat and stood up. He looked frankly into the dark face of the man beside him, wanting to say "But you ain't *so* lame," but finally compromising on "Hi!" and a smile. Looks like an actor or some kind of a character, the boy thought.

The man's dark eyes did not smile in return. Neither did his mouth, out of which came the words "Let's go!" in an urgent undertone. Tomsy thought what's the rush, but toiled dutifully up the slope, beside the man. They crossed the street and entered a shabby tenement that faced the park.

The man's face remained unconcerned, but Tomsy felt the pressure of his measured steps, his apprehension—as he quickly ushered the boy into the hallway. Tomsy felt puzzled all over again.

There were three flights of dingy, carpeted stairs to climb. The place smelt old, and Tomsy didn't hear a sound from behind any of the doors they passed as they climbed.

When they halted for breath on the second landing, Tomsy ventured "I like checkers. Used to play 'em all the time with my mom. Have you got like a real ivy set, or somethin' like that?"

The man, his head turned away from Tomsy, replied in a mumble, "Ivory? Yeah—sure!"

"Boy!" thought Tomsy. "Sure don't say much!"

They reached the top landing, and the man swiftly unlocked the door, getting Tomsy quickly inside by a pressure of his hand on the seat of the boy's trousers. Tomsy thought, angrily, "Get off me. What's he shoving me for? I'm going, ain't I? What's the rush?"

The man had left his unconcern in the hall. He secured the door with a chain and came intently toward Tomsy, who was trying to see out, between the partly shut slats of the window blind.

Tomsy started to turn—started to say, remembering his manners, "Nice place you got here." But before he could finish saying it the man had grabbed him and swung him about, and sitting on the unmade bed, was trying to hold him on his knees.

At the man's touch, Tomsy felt a stiffening of his dignity and his muscles, and he began to fling his arms and legs furiously about. His whole being was suffused with the need to tear himself free from the feeling of outrageous insult that filled his heart.

"Hey! What the—Lemme go!" he puffed, red in the face. "We're sup-

posed to be playin' checkers—not Post Office. Remember? Whassamatter with you anyhow? You nuts or somethin'?"

As though he had not heard, the man continued to struggle with Tomsy. He could easily have knocked the boy out, if he had wanted to. But he did not play such a simple game—he liked them fighting.

A feeling of alarm took possession of Tomsy now, at the urgency of the look directed at him—at the lips tightly pressed together—the nostrils widened, the taut fingers strengthening their grip on his arms, his legs.

It seemed to Tomsy the man wanted to pin him down—yet how could he be fighting when, each time his mouth came within range, he kissed Tomsy's blond head, ran exploring fingers over his body, pulled expertly at the fastenings of his clothing?

The man once muttered, "Played it dumb," as they scuffled about in the mock-battle that was becoming real for Tomsy.

And suddenly the boy thought, "Played it dumb!" Then it *was* a gag. Then Butch knew all about it! Then it was never meant to be checkers at all! That bastard Butch crossed me up! Just wait till I get ahold of that dirty . . .

Now Tomsy's injured feelings really boiled over. He didn't mean to punch the man in the nose—well, not that hard, anyway. Because he knew, from the way the "fight" was going, that he could easily be outmaneuvered. But he felt his fist flatten the man's broad nose, and he sprang from the bed shouting, in tears of shame, "You—you—bitch."

Before the man could decide whether he was worth pursuing, Tomsy had swung the chain loose and unlocked the door, and he did not stop running until he reached the path that led back to the tunnel again.

The park was much darker now, and so were Tomsy's gray eyes. His face seemed to swim, pale and grimy, in the murky air. His mouth wore the grimace of angry tears as he darted among the leafless bushes, searching for the cat. Anger still flared in him, and he had not done with tears.

Where's that lousy cat? I'll murder the little son-of-a-bitch when I get hold of him. Just let me lay hands on him!"

The cat was crouching under the one shrub that still had a few leaves. He turned his head hopefully toward Tomsy. The boy leaped over the low railing and took an angry slide down the hill.

But when he was sprawled on his stomach under the scrawny bush, somehow he wasn't angry any more. He lifted the cat gently from among the thorny twigs and lay it on its side, pressing his streaked face down into its bony ribs.

Squeezing his eyes tightly together he whimpered, "That lousy Butch!" and let his tears run down the cat's stringy fur, as his body heaved with grief, and the dampness of the ground penetrated his slacks and sweater unnoticed.

Suddenly Tomsy's grief was spent, and he sat up, taking the cat's soft face between his hands, and looking straight into the back-drawing depths of the cat's steady eyes.

"You old cat, you," he whispered, banteringly. "Why didn't you tell me it'd be like that, huh? Were *you* fooling me, too? Musta been just fooling—'cause I know *you* wouldn't double-cross me on purpose.

"You know what? I bet I could even call a cop and get that guy arrested!" Tomsy felt the swelling of importance that goes with being on the right side of the law. But he knew he had no words that would describe to a policeman—

or to anyone— what he had seen lurking in the man's hands and eyes—what he had felt hiding in the man's mind and heart.

Already the face—the force—of that close and threatening room were fading from him—falling deep into the well of unwanted memories within him.

He stared steadily at the cat's armored eyes—felt the cat's inviolate dignity—somehow sensed the human weakness he must guard against in himself as well as in others, if he was to be the cat's master, and his own.

Tomsy thought, as the lights of a movie house on the next block flashed on in the dusk, "It was fun, wasn't it? It *was* like in a movie. That guy didn't get a thing out of me. None of them bastards did. That smart Butch thought he fooled me, hey? Said he'd see me tonight? Well, *I'll* see *him* tonight, and I'll punch his bloody face in, too. And that coward'll *give* me that buck, or else I'll snitch on *him* to the cops!"

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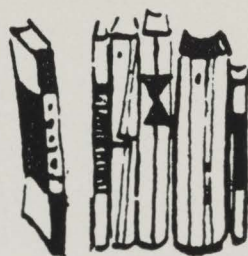
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Books

Notices and reviews of books, articles, plays and poetry dealing with homosexuality and the sex variant. Readers are invited to send in reviews or printed matter for review.



SEXUAL DEVIATION by Anthony Storr, Penguin, Baltimore, 1964, 139 pp., 85 cents.

Written by a psychoanalyst, this is a readable, clear, simplified presentation of a psychoanalytic formulation of the nature, origins, and treatment of what are often referred to as sexual perversions. The title reflects the author's humanistic and non-moralizing attitude. It is his position that all sexual deviations arise out of two feelings engendered by childhood experiences, sexual guilt and sexual inferiority, and while his exposition is reasonably fair and non-dogmatic, it is a narrow and limited view. Like other presentations of psychoanalytic theorizing about the origins of homosexuality, this book fails to make clear why certain individuals become homosexual after having been exposed to less than adequate parents during childhood while others do not. According to Storr (apparently borrowed from Bieber), the combination of a detached, non-affectionate, or hostile father and an extremely intimate and over-emotional mother is likely to produce homosexuality. Actually that parental combination is neither necessary nor essential for producing homosexuality: all boys with such parents do not become homosexual (which they would if this were a sufficient cause), and some boys without such parents do become homosexual (which they

could not if that parental combination were a necessary cause). Also like many other writers, Storr tends to ignore the fact that there is great variation in the temperaments with which children are born, and that those tendencies almost certainly play an important role in how the individual is treated, even as an infant.

R. E.

HOT FOR CERTAINTIES by Robin Douglas-Home, N.Y., E. P. Dutton & Co., 1964, 215 pp., \$3.95.

The fulcrum of this compelling novel is an accusation of homosexuality leveled against David Melrose by Aubrey Squires-Birch, his obviously twisted house master. Since the accusation is false—David's adjustment is firmly heterosexual—a review of the book might seem somewhat out of place in ONE. Yet it raises questions.

The novel is most ably written. Even the fog of self-pity through which the narrative steers does not prevent some humorous glimpses of English public school attitudes toward homosexuality, along with the expectable horrific ones. The book is peopled by real men and women. It has splendid pace.

But it left this reader dissatisfied and suspicious. The vindictiveness of the prudish house master may be ac-

ceptable, but that his flimsy case against David—based upon the boy's receiving a suggestive note containing a snapshot of a sleeping girl (!) minus the top of her bikini—would be accepted by the head master is unconvincing, particularly since David is top scholar of the school.

One wonders if Mr. Douglas-Home's novel is based upon a bitter experience of his own, and further wonders if the sexes have been changed to protect the author. These may be unjust suspicions, but there is something decidedly amiss when a story so skillfully written and vividly characterized leaves one at the end filled with total disbelief. If it was possible for Mr. Douglas-Home to

have written a novel as good as this one about a homosexual whose bent is discovered and whose future is mutilated as a result, it seems more than a pity that he did not do so.

However, if his mind and spirit are as conventional and timid as those of his protagonist—David, even for a teenage boy, strikes one as abnormally defenseless—then the failure of his novel is not difficult to understand. In all fairness, *Hot for Certainties* may be precisely the book its author intended. The reviewer may be in error. Nobody in the story understands poor David Melrose. Perhaps I must simply join their number.

James Colton

POPULAR BOOKS AVAILABLE TO ONE'S MEMBERS

The BOOKSERVICE lists below only a few of the books offered for sale. The books are in stock and will be mailed immediately.

JONATHAN TO GIDE by Noel I. Garde is now in stock again. This is must reading for anyone wanting to know a little about famous people in history who were homosexual. Supplements the article in **Quarterly 18** by Magnus Hirschfeld. The review of this book appeared in the September, ONE Magazine last year. The only book of its kind, you will find yourself referring to it often.\$10.00

LOST ON TWILIGHT ROAD by James Colton. Anyone who has read James Colton's short stories in ONE Magazine will want to read this short novel which is in stock again. Although in paper-back and hidden by a bad cover, this an excellent story about a young teen-ager who awakens to his homosexuality, has experiences, good and bad, and in time meets an older man and finds happiness.\$1.00

BIOGRAPHY, JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS by Phillis Grosskurth. The book will be published soon in America under the title **The Woeful Victorian** but we had our British agents get the book for our Members early. This book is important because it is based upon Symonds, suppressed autobiography and frankly discusses his homosexuality and the homosexuality of other important persons, some of whom were only suspected till now.\$12.50

THE WHISTLING ZONE by Herbert Kubly. Herbert Kubly's first novel takes place at a mid-western college. While not primarily homosexual, the sex in this book is not mild, since it includes a "panty raid" and a mass rape. But the important happenings in this fine book are the Berkeley campus of the University of California recently came as no surprise to those who have read this biting commentary on today's dehumanized corporate universities and their corrosive effect on teachers, students and the tradition of intellectual and spiritual freedom. \$4.95

THE JEWEL IN THE LOTUS by Allen Edwardes, a historical survey of the sexual culture of the east is still probably the best book of its type. Only a few copies.\$6.50

A SINGLE MAN by Christopher Isherwood\$4.00

Order those books while they are available. Send your name and address and check to: ONE Bookservice, 2256 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles 6, California. (California residents add 4% sales tax.)



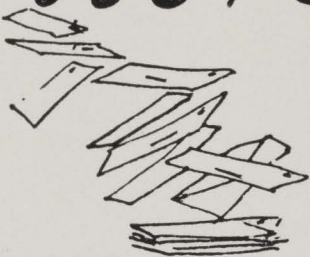
BILLY BATES

Billy Bates wears baggy sweaters
And tennis shoes all new and bright.
He's very proud of his high-school letters.
He's in the bars most every night.

Billy Bates. He talks of money,
And clothes and parties and dar-ling tricks.
Billy Bates calls everyone "honey."
Ain't he cute? He's fifty-six.

Bob Waltrip

Letters



The views expressed here are those of the writers. ONE's readers cover a wide range of geographical, economic, age, and educational status. This department aims to express this diversity.

ABOUT THOSE "BODYBUILDING MAGAZINES"

Dear Sir:

I have read and enjoyed ONE for several years now. I am a college student and my gay life is somewhat restricted. This too explains, in part, why I enjoy your Magazine and others like it.

A particular letter in the November '64 issue of ONE caught my attention. The letter is from Mr. R. B. of Flushing, New York, who says some unusual things about (I quote) "body building magazines." He says in his letter that these magazines should be more discreet in their subject matter because they are "open to the public."

I do not agree with him. I believe that these type magazines are obviously directed at the gay set and thus are **not** "body building magazines" nor "open to the public." Not only the stories in these magazines are of a gay nature, but also **all** of the advertisements, which pertain to gay literature (books, records, directory guides, etc.).

I think that if a survey were taken to find out who actually buys these magazines, the results would prove that an overwhelming majority are gay.

Mr. H.
Warren, Ohio

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE

Gentlemen:

ONE's article on the 1964 ECHO conference states that most of the clergymen on the religious panel regarded homosexual acts as sinful, and looked upon homosexuality as a sickness. This is untrue. A cursory reading of the Conference transcripts will show that most of the clergymen were extremely liberal, and that most of them, with the exception of the Roman Catholic priest, believed that a man can have a definite right to be a practising homosexual.

ONE's article bears no indication of authorship. If the author was present at the Conference, and if he attended the religious panel discussion, he did not listen carefully, or his impressions were thoroughly distorted.

The Committee on Religious concerns of the Mattachine Society of Washington hopes that ONE Magazine will correct its error. It is difficult for us to understand how this kind of a mistake was made. We are notifying other homophile organizations throughout the United States so that they will be aware of the error.

Warren D. Adkins, Chairman
Committee of Religious Concerns
The Mattachine Society of Washington

EDITORS' NOTE: To say that the ministers believed "that a man can have a definite right to be a practicing homosexual" is in no way an argument against the fact that "most of the clergymen on the religious panel regarded homosexual acts as sinful, and looked upon homosexuality as a sickness."

ONE's two reporters in attendance throughout the ECHO meetings may be in error as accused by the Mattachine's Committee on Religious Concerns, but until shown otherwise, we will have to assume that they reported accurately.

EDITORIALS APPROVED

Dear Friends:

I thought your editorial in November '64 was quite to the point and well expressed. Also there is quite an eye-ful, or rather thoughtful, in "Innocent and Curious By-stander" by P. E. Britton. The account details, with graphic and poignant clarity, the cunning treachery and ruthless brutality of the police **agents provocateurs** in ensnaring the hapless homosexuals.

Mr. M.
Dallas, Texas

Editors:

Behind in reading, but just had to tell you I thought Marcel Martin's editorial (September) was terrific. Also, Don Slater's editorial (October) gives good advice. I know from personal experience.

Mr. J.
Seattle, Washington

MORE "GRASS IS GREENER!"

Dear Mr. Slater:

Last month I read your magazine for the first time. It offered little other than a rehash of the problems faced by people the world over that are seeking a bit of freedom from the conformity thrust upon us by an ignorant few. Face the facts! It is going to be impossible to change society within the foreseeable future. It will be possible to make some gains in the homophile movement. In the meantime you must make the best of a bad situation.

How can people of like ideas and tastes get together for the purpose of indulging in their special desires? You can't—in this country. But with a little imagination it could be worked out. Here are a few ideas. There are many islands . . .

Mr. H.
San Antonio, Texas

VOTES AND OPINIONS

Dear Don:

In response to your ballot I will answer all of the propositions, but, on a few, I reserve the right to question them, to try to straighten out some that are false and outdated.

With the **Wolfenden Report**, Kinsey, **Life** and an open press, homosexuality has been viewed a little differently of late. I do feel that the "heteros" have a better if not more enlightened conception and maybe a softer attitude towards us today. I could be totally wrong on this point as we all live rugged individual lives and so I speak for myself.

There is an old adage, "you get more with honey than with vinegar," that should be applied to the religious question. By that I mean we should come to terms with the Church and the Synagogue. It can be done and now more so than ever. For, in the Ecumenical council, the "liberal" Fathers are trying to propose that sex for procreation only is not justified. Should they win on this point, they then will legitimize homosexuality.

I disagree with you on #11.

Mr. N.
Queens Village, New York

"THE TWINS" ARE A HIT!

Mes Chers Amis:

To have been the first to congratulate you on your article in the December issue "The Lesson From the Twins," I should have written a week ago. Perhaps I can still be among the earliest.

The article is certainly a worthy climax to an eventful and fruitful year. To say that it is inspiring is to put it mildly. We who live in the "hinterland" know of many such couples, living together successfully and happily, but for many reasons they receive no publicity. Most such couples seek no publicity, and many would refuse it if offered.

But, Valentine Richardson has failed to indicate what legal or ethical steps were taken for the protection of the children of one of the "Twins." In this state, the children could come in and take all the older "Twin" left upon his passing, and in fact it is almost impossible to disinherit children here.

In the larger cities, the public seems, today, to be willing to accept the fact of two men living together, provided that they live with self-respect and dignity. Even in the heterosexual world a succession of marriages and divorces can cause a loss of esteem to those who so behave.

With every good wish for a happy and successful year to the editors and staff of ONE, and to the Corporation officers, I am including a small check to be applied to the printer's bill.

Mr. A.
New Orleans, Louisiana

RE: ONE EDITOR SPEAKS AT COLLEGE

Dear ONE:

On behalf of the CSCLA ACLU I'm writing to thank you for your appearance on our campus.

I have heard nothing but favorable comment from everyone who heard you, including professors, students, and especially those who were originally against your speaking. I doubt that ONE, Incorporated gained any support but a significant number of people who heard you will be stimulated to learn and will be skeptical about the numerous myths surrounding the subject of homosexuality.

Jim Blanchfield
Calif. State College
Los Angeles, California

13TH YEAR

Dear Don:

Congratulations to all of you at ONE who have made possible thirteen years of service

and growth for the Corporation, and for— (1) publishing books of lasting interest, (2) publishing ONE, (3) giving us **ONE Confidential**, an inside view of the Homophile World Today, (4) publishing a variety of pamphlets dedicated to improving the lot of the homosexual, (5) supporting ONE Institute, the Education Division of ONE, Incorporated, (6) supporting the publication of **ONE Institute Quarterly**, (7) developing a Research Division to undertake and sponsor authoritative research concerning homosexuality, (8) sponsoring a Social Service Division to make life a little better for homosexuals, (9) maintaining a Library as a depository of unequaled value to the serious student of matters pertaining to homosexuality, (10) providing a Bureau of Public Information to set the record straight concerning homosexuality, (11) providing legal leadership in matters affecting homosexuals, (12) meeting the needs of a growing interest in homosexuality by offering a Bookservice of modest but worthy proportions, (13) being the Guiding Light in the understanding of and the acceptance of the homosexual.

To match the thirteen enumerated accomplishments, I enclose my check for \$13—a salute to ONE, Incorporated for thirteen hectic, but wonderful, years!

Mr. A.
Dearborn, Michigan

STRANGE WORLD

Did it happen to you dear reader?

You enjoyed an evening with a person or persons, you were very friendly. The next day or two you pass this person on the street and they ignore you. Or, they blush. Maybe this kind of person needs a lesson in good manners, or they need to be rid of the feeling of guilt. Because their acts are not acceptable to the so-called "normals" they seek in the night what they by nature need and in the day light they hide this true need of nature. How sad, for instance, the two guys I know who live together and work in the same department store; yet they act as strangers in the daytime. But at night . . .

Mr. K.
Wurzburg, Germany

Dear Mr. Slater:

Well, I have finally done it. I have been reading ONE for 3 or 4 years and have enjoyed it very much. I have always wanted to sit down and write a letter but kept putting it off, now I've done it.

I am the type of homosexual who wants to do something for the homophile movement.

The article in Life Magazine plus my re-

cent vacation around our country has convinced me to write. First of all I was surprised that a magazine as good as ONE had a poor circulation compared to the number of those it is trying to reach.

Secondly, the article in Life didn't mention one of the larger cities where homosexual activities are tolerated some what. We have at least 26 gay bars, one which allows the fellows to dance together, 4 bars in the area with female impersonator shows. Also a city where they have a parade downtown at Halloween that is protected by the police so the kids can get dressed up and show off.

I have traveled the states and prefer Detroit.

The third reason I have written to ONE is because my favorite article in ONE is the Letters to the Editor. As long as I have been reading ONE, I have failed to read one from Detroit.

On the subject of promoting ONE, I think every reader should pass his copies along to friends and encourage them to subscribe.

Mr. F.
Detroit, Michigan

Dear Sir:

I believe it is about time I wrote another to all you fine people. I sure hope that your fine work can be carried on for many years. The dance at the present time is on the first floor in Seattle. As a matter of fact we have two places where the gay set can dance. The Golden Horseshoe and the 614. I predicted about two years ago that they would have public dancing for the gay set. That did happen about a year ago. I bring this up because I am a lover of the dance.

I would like to be of help to you and our organization as much as possible. Things are going fine in Seattle. Halloween was a happy and gay affair. There was a drag show at the GS. Miss Peabodies was packed.

One thing that I would like to see get started here in Seattle are discussion groups on homosexuals.

Mr. G.
Seattle, Washington

Dear Friends:

There was a time when I thought that a gay person could never love anyone more than himself. Now another has shown me that this is not a hard and fast axiom. A few wonderful men have loved me without my loving them in equal measure. Affection, respect and compatibility were the deepest extent of my feeling for them. Now I find myself loving a boy more precious than life itself and deriving needed inspiration to succeed from his love for me.

This observation leads me to comment on

one

the exchange between yourself and Mr. Kameny over the word "homophile." It has always seemed to me that the word "homosexual" connotes a sexual content period to the love relationship between two men or women. This I would consider a gross misrepresentation of the actual complexity and nature of the feelings of love two gay persons may share. The word "homophile" escapes this narrow and misleading connotation and implies, for me at least, a love of the type existing between my lover and myself.

The October ONE proved especially delightful. Would it be too imaginative to interpret the cover design as an interlocking "69?" My compliments to Bob Waltrip whose stories seem almost snatched from my own thoughts and with whom my affinity and empathy are enormous.

Being a political scientist, my interest was aroused by A. E. Smith's "The Myth of the Homosexual Vote." While I have no criticism of the specifics in the article, I would suggest that the absence of organization and/or of conscious wooing of homosexual voters by politicians need not in itself discount the possibility that homosexuals might find the outlook and programs of one party more appealing, from a homosexual viewpoint, than the other's. I harbor some hypotheses on homosexual voting myself but they would require interview research prior to being worth presentation. In effect, however, I am suggesting that Mr. Smith may have been asking the wrong questions in his presentation and that his conclusions may, therefore, be both irrelevant and premature.

Andrew Bradbury's comments on "Race and Sex" were disturbing, particularly if they indicate a general phenomenon and not one confined just to NYC. Contra his observations, I have noted a distinct animosity toward Negroes, gay or otherwise, among **most** of the homosexuals whom I know. This is probably attributable to up-bringing and to the failure to generalize one's own predicament in a hostile and/or indifferent society to another oppressed segment of the citizenry.

His observations that white southern boys are submitting themselves to Negro advances, recalls to mind a gay friend who arrived from Mississippi an arch-conservative and segregationist but who, after submitting himself to a Negro, underwent two connected reactions: 1) a severe psychic trauma necessitating psychiatric consultation and physically expressed in the inability to urinate, and 2) upon adjustment, an ideological commitment to liberalism and integration. Since then, he has actively worked for the NAACP and as a tutor of Negro children. The pattern of

guilt, submission, trauma, adjustment and change has intrigued me and seems tangentially related to Bradbury's concern with race and sex.

I read in the **New York Times**, Sunday November 29, that the N.Y. Catholic Welfare Society has objected to the proposed alteration of NY penal code designed to place adultery and homosexual conduct between consenting adults in private outside the purview of the law. An Episcopal spokesman, on the other hand, praised the alterations. It would appear that theological ignorance still clouds the thinking of some segments of the Catholic Church. 'Tis a pity considering the several intelligent and comprehending priests whom I have spoken with about this matter. Let us hope that ignorance and medievalism do not prevail in the Empire State.

Mr. P.
New York, N.Y.

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